THE NATION

APRIL 2, 1960 . . 25c

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TRAINING THE NUCLEAR WARRIOR

A Manual for 'Level 7'

Mordecai Roshwald

CAN YOUR COPILOT FLY?

Karl M. Ruppenthal

DIME STORES and DIGNITY

A Southerner Views the Sit-Ins

James McBride Dabbs

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LETTERS

Gov. Williams on Peace

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," *(The Nation,* February 6) should be on the Required Reading List of every aspirant for public office in 1960.

Peace is indeed the number one problem of our time. The politics of the atomic age demand frank debate of the peace issue in the context of specific proposals: Increased aid for India, a disarmament plan, an immediate A-bomb ban, recognition of Communist China—these are the stuff of a realistic program for peace. . . .

The great political challenge of the months ahead is the dramatization of the peace issue. People say, "But peace should be bipartisan." Well, I believe that while the dramatization of peace as an imperative should be bipartisan, the peace proposals themselves should not and cannot be bipartisan. The open-air thrashing out of alternatives is democracy's formula for coping with the complexities of the peace problem. We should welcome rather than fear honest advocacy of alternative routes to the abolition of force as an instrument of world order.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Governor, Michigan

Lansing, Mich.

Patient Lecturer or . . .

Dear Sirs: Mr. Trimble's review [Feb. 20] of Morton Feldman's *Atlantis,* recently performed at the Music in Our Time series, may be well taken. At any rate I am in no position to take issue with it. His account of the forum that followed, however, struck me as rather curious. According to him, a "deeply serious and interested audience" displayed its eagerness to learn about contemporary music from the lips of the composers. Mr. Feldman, he complains, wanted only to "play with the audience like a cat with a mouse," "to confuse and obfuscate" his listeners. . . .

Having been present at the forum, I must evince my surprise at this description. The group of people assembled were emotional and even hysterical at having heard something they did not understand. Their questions became increasingly angry and personal, verging at times on insult. The composer's answers, on the other hand, remained calm, precise and to the point.

KATE NICKERSON

New York City

. . . Patient Audience?

Dear Sirs: Does Miss Nickerson recall a middle-aged couple who spent seven minutes trying to find out how performers in another city could know what Mr. Feldman wanted them to do about some aspects of his semi-accidental music if he was not there to instruct them? Finally the answer *did* come: directions were written in the score. Does taking seven minutes to give such a simple answer constitute speaking precisely and to the point? And before this answer came, a number of conflicting ideas, including the opposite of the final answer, went 'round and 'round.

As for the composer's calm demeanor, I submit that in such cases, it is always more effective to whisper than to shout.

LESTER TRIMBLE

New York City

Helping the Sit-Ins

Dear Sirs: As a French student attending school in Nashville, Tennessee, I have followed the lunch-counter demonstrations and trials with great interest. All of us ought to ask ourselves: "How can I help these young courageous Christians?" The following are some suggestions:

1. We can talk to everyone with whom we come in contact regarding the goals at stake.

2. We can write or telegraph to friends; to the district and main offices of the chain stores involved; to editors; to city, state and national officials, including the 1960 candidates. In conjunction with these letters, we can appeal for financial assistance for the students (checks and money orders should be made out to: Nashville Christian Leadership Council, First Baptist Church, 319 8th Ave. No., Nashville, Tenn.).

3. We can urge everyone to vote for candidates who will actively support the democratic ideals for which the student sit-ins are fighting.

MICHEL W. KILDARE

Nashville, Tenn.

See article by James McBride Dabbs on page 289 of this issue. — ED.

In Defense of Dr. King

Dear Sirs: In the course of the wave of student sit-ins inspired by Dr. Martin Luther King's philosophy of non-violent direct action, the state of Alabama has indicted the well-known Negro leader on tax charges. The indictment, be it noted, came shortly after the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, of which Dr. King is president, and the NAACP had announced a crusade to bring a million new Negro voters to the polls for the 1960 Presidential elections. Thus the indictment appears fortuitously timed not to demoralize the student protest movement, but to wreck the Southern Negro voting drive.

In the conviction that the defense of

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Peace Gap

Most of the talk about nuclear defense and survival is nonsense, for the simple reason that the speakers have been unable to adjust to the enormity of nuclear weapons and, while spicing their discourse with kilotons this and megatons that, are really thinking and feeling in terms of the TNT bombs of World War II (which were quite bad enough). Now and then, however, one of our publicists does some hard thinking before he gets up to talk, and what he says shows it. This was the case with Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey when he addressed a Democratic luncheon at Los Angeles on March 18. The speech almost synchronized with the abandonment by Governor Rockefeller of his proposal for the compulsory building of fallout shelters in New York. It followed by a few days the disclosure of the plunge of an aberrant Matador missile into the Formosa Strait. The missile could just as well have fallen on the China mainland; in that case, Governor Meyner's observations might have come too late.

How would you feel, the Governor asked his West Coast audience, if you learned that Communist China had gained possession of the ultimate weapon? The policy of the nuclear deterrent has holes in it already, he said, but it loses all meaning when applied to a country which, though the most populous in the world, is far less vulnerable to nuclear attack than we are. If there is any way of forestalling the development of nuclear weapons by the Chinese, it is in the American interest to act on it. This we have not done.

Governor Meyner believes that the Soviet Union is no more eager to see nuclear weapons in Chinese hands than we are. This might account, in part, for the fact that the Soviet leaders have been so active in seeking an agreement to ban tests. The United States has not taken advantage of this opportunity. The Governor pointed out that at the London arms-control talks in 1957, at which Governor Stassen represented the United States, such an agreement could have been reached. "At London," Mr. Meyner said, "Governor Stassen made considerable progress. . . . But as soon as he was on the point of concluding what could have been an historic agreement, he was pulled out . . . and given a new set of instructions . . . to attach other conditions which it was certain the Russians would not accept. The size of that blunder is incalculable." In Meyner's estimation, the blunder may be repeated: "Now that the Russians are coming around, now that they have withdrawn their objections to many of our proposals for inspection, we are shifting our ground. It is beginning to sound like the London talks again. And I wonder whether Mr. Wadsworth is being Stassenized."

Senator Symington and other professional alarmists have popularized the "missile gap." Gaps are created by missed opportunities. In effect, Governor Meyner is calling attention to the "peace gap." If the Governor will keep on doing this, and Americans have retained their political sense, it will be easier to bridge the peace gap than the missile gap, and more rewarding by far.

Shufflin' Sam and Ole' Doc Teller

Like the Midwest vagrant whose conviction was reversed by the Supreme Court, the disarmament conference is merely shuffling along. And yet, though the pace must be disappointing to those who expected a disarmament agreement before the delegates had quite hung up their hats, the present shuffling in Geneva is decidedly less tedious than on earlier occasions of the sort. Where last year the foreign ministers locked horns for a week over the shape of the table and the order of seating, Messrs. Fredrick M. Eaton and Valerian A. Zorin and their respective advocates and protocol experts simply sat themselves down at a rectangular table in alphabetical order, using, without Soviet protest, the English names of their countries. Each day the delegations move around by one space as the chair rotates. The Canadians sit placidly between the Bulgarians and Czechs. They are all going to sit for a long time and they know it: Mr. Eaton is reported to be looking for a Swiss school for his children. With a ten-minute limit on speeches, there were no harangues at the opening and there have been few since; apparently there is a correlation between vitriol and length. Each side has a three-phase plan and the initial discussion was whether

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"general and complete" was the same as "general and comprehensive." Mr. Zorin abandoned "general and complete" and the conference went on.

The nuclear-test suspension conference, likewise sited at Geneva, went on also and Dr. Edward Teller, the proud father of the hydrogen bomb and eminent foot-dragger on international agreement, was at the old stand. He called a press conference in San Francisco and declared that for the first time he was departing from scientific tradition by stating his conclusions before revealing his data. "Our present methods of underground detection," Dr. Teller told the reporters, "looks really inadequate now." Such blasts could be muffled—"decoupled"—by setting them off in a nice round hole a few hundred feet in diameter, and seismic techniques could not detect them. Dr. Teller pointed with alarm to the 200-, 300-, perhaps even 500-foot holes that must exist in the Soviet Union and the resulting peril to the United States which, week after week, postpones the tests so urgently needed for its survival and Dr. Teller's continued eminence as a savant and statesman. But, strangely, even in his own ball park the San Francisco *Chronicle* gave Doc only a modest play, and the rest of the press handed him about as much space as the groundhog gets when he comes out to look for his shadow. Apparently Doc has finally decoupled himself. Meanwhile, in Geneva, the conferees in both conferences continued to confer, shuffling along slowly but, it would seem, ineluctably.

Something of Value

Approximately 160 undergraduate newspapers are currently publishing a weekly column called, variously, "Lynn Swann Speaks About LIFE," "Frank Deford Looks at LIFE," "Through LIFE With John Moore," "Chuck Klopf Looks at LIFE," "Russel Clem Looks at LIFE," etc. The person named in each case is a campus "journalist" who, from now until the end of the school year, will get $20 a week from the Luce organization for reading the current *Life* and putting his by-line — in large type — over a column in which he tells his fellow-students how great an issue it is. Lynn Swann, a workman worthy of her hire, puts it this way: "Get the most out of LIFE. Not only is the weekly magazine entertaining, but it can be helpful in studies as well. You'll find that quotes and facts from LIFE will add 'life' to the otherwise dull reports. Besides, reading LIFE is fun." Miss Swann's column, which goes on to say what a dandy issue *Life* got out under date of March 21, appears in the Texas Christian *Skiff* next to a story that announces in the headline that the university's New Philosophy will "Endorse High Ideals, Broaden Goals."

A few of the institutions whose student papers are lending their pages to this campaign are Rochester, Princeton, Tulane, Arkansas, Virginia, Iowa State, Smith, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma. *Life* is spending a lot on it — some $3,200 a week for editorial fees, plus advertising space rates in the papers. But then it is buying a lot of fresh, young enthusiasm. What this campaign teaches (in addition to the message that *Life* is great fun and good for your grades) is that the critical judgment of some youth may be bought for twenty bucks.

It is a lesson that should be driven home as early as possible, before the personality has had time to freeze into an attitude of self-respect. Recently, the Old Crow whiskey people offered McKinley Kantor $2,500 (that's 125 times $20) to sign a paragraph praising their liquor. Mr. Kantor replied that he sure liked the whiskey, but had a prejudice against signing his name to another man's words (Robert Ruark, author of *Something of Value*, took the pen from Mr. Kantor's squeamish fingers and signed with a flourish).

The boys and girls whom *Life* has hooked are not apt to pass up that kind of easy money from any feeling of jealousy for their good names. They will graduate from writing endorsements for *Life* to signing encomia for beauty creams, salad dressings, automobiles, winter resorts, mattresses and toilet paper (many of which statements will appear in the advertising pages of *Life*, so that eventually that foxy publication will get its money back a hundredfold). As these boys and girls grow older and fatter, the rental fees for their names will become larger and larger. Any girl in Times Square will tell you that in her trade it works just the other way around.

The Chilean 'Note'

The following news item has not yet appeared in the world press — but it may, and soon:

> Late yesterday the State Department released the full text of the recent Chilean note. It reads: "Chile deplores violence in all its forms and hopes that the Negro people of Alabama will be able to obtain redress of their legitimate grievances by peaceful means. While the Republic of Chile, as a matter of practice, does not ordinarily comment on the internal affairs of governments with which it enjoys normal relations, it cannot help but regret the tragic loss of life resulting from the measures taken against the demonstrators in Montgomery, Alabama."

If the text sounds vaguely familiar to the reader, it is because it is a paraphrase of the statement recently issued by the State Department concerning recent events in South Africa.

No similar events have yet occurred in Montgomery, Alabama — and there is still time to see that they don't. But they could easily occur, and the same obloquy will then descend upon us that the Afrikaners of South Africa must now live with. Unless there is an early change in the deep South — which is difficult to imagine

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— or the federal government can assert its authority, bloodshed will occur and the United States will receive remonstrations, not utter them. American Negroes are no longer willing to remain second-class, voteless, segregated citizens. Their protest is peaceable, but that will not avail them. Governor John Patterson of Alabama warned, "If they keep this up, they're going to find what they are looking for — which is trouble. . . . If they keep on, somebody will be getting killed. And it is our sworn duty to prevent this."

His idea of his sworn duty is to allow the Montgomery police to deputize armed horsemen who, the Governor says, are "men of very fine reputation, most of them the wealthy cattlemen living in this area." He offered this inside view of the gubernatorial mind to Robert S. Bird of the New York *Herald Tribune*, whose conclusion was that "Montgomery is now under hard police control . . . but incidents will continue, for neither side can back down . . . and eventually, most white citizens believe, sporadic violence will break out." The violence may not be sporadic, and "eventually" may be all too soon. [See "Dime Stores and Dignity," by James McBride Dabbs, on page 289 of this issue.]

A Passion for Legality

If all laws governing campaign contributions were strictly enforced, most candidates for office would have to organize pencil-selling brigades. This is a fact — however unacceptable — of American political life that everyone, unfortunately, accepts; so rarely does a prosecution arise under the laws that when it does, there is legitimate room for speculation as to why somebody has been seized so suddenly with a passion for legality. One of the laws in question is a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act under which unions may contribute to local and state candidates, but not to federal. The device employed by most unions to get around the provision is to contribute to a local candidate with the understanding that a portion will be relayed to a federal aspirant. But Harold J. Gibbons, who besides being vice president of the Teamsters is head of Teamster Locals 688 and 405 in St. Louis, disdained such subterfuges. Instead, he got 60 per cent of his membership voluntarily to pledge 35 cents a month each to a special political fund out of which — it is now alleged — certain monies were paid to Congressional candidates. The plan is not new. A federal grand jury looked into it in 1954 and saw nothing wrong. Even the McClellan committee which, with tongue sharper than a serpent's tooth, commented at great length upon the iniquities of Hoffa and the Teamsters, failed to say anything about the practice.

Now, at long last, the Department of Justice has gotten around to indicting Gibbons for violation of the provision. Has Gibbons become a bigger target since 1954 and 1958 — or merely a more useful one? After all, we are on the eve of a national election, and what better way for the Administration to warn labor to walk warily during the campaign than to crack down on a union which is in public disrepute anyway? The temptation for the conservative Administration must have been all the greater considering some of the alleged beneficiaries of Gibbons' donations: Senators Morse and Hennings and Congressmen Roosevelt and Reuss — all Democrats and all liberals. What a way for a rackets-ridden, anti-social union to act!

It's all very embarrassing, and especially for the AFL-CIO, which up to now has been taking the position that anything that hurts the Teamsters benefits labor. Perhaps its leadership will see a little more clearly now what some of us have been saying for a long time: the harassment of the Teamsters has been motivated not by a passion for purity, but by a spleen against labor.

A MANUAL FOR 'LEVEL 7'

Training the Nuclear Warrior . . *Mordecai Roshwald*

FROM Plato's *Republic:*

> Don't you think then, said I, that, for the purpose of keeping guard, a young man should have much the same temperament and qualities as a well-bred watch-dog? I mean, for instance, that both must have quick senses to detect an enemy, swiftness in pursuing him, and strength, if they have to fight when they have caught him.
>
> Yes. . . .
>
> Then, Glaucon, how are men of that natural disposition to be kept from behaving pugnaciously to one another and to the rest of their countrymen?
>
> It is not at all easy to see.
>
> And yet they must be gentle to their own people and dangerous only to enemies; otherwise they will destroy themselves without waiting till others destroy them.
>
> True.
>
> What are we to do, then? If gentleness and high temper are contraries, where shall we find a character to combine them? Both are necessary to make a good Guardian, but it seems they are incompatible. . . .

MORDECAI ROSHWALD, author of the recently published Level 7 *(McGraw-Hill), teaches at the University of Minnesota.*

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It looks like it.

* * *

. . . They are to be found in animals, and not least in the kind we compared to our Guardian. Well-bred dogs, as you know, are by instinct perfectly gentle to people whom they know and are accustomed to, and fierce to strangers. So the combination of qualities we require for our Guardian is, after all, possible and not against nature.

These passages could serve as the guiding principles for a present-day trainer of commandos, marines and shock-troops of sorts. It is doubtful whether they are of much use for the training of military personnel in the age of nuclear push-button war.

LET'S have a closer look at the military personnel of the present and the near future. Whether manning an airplane with an H-bomb, or a ballistic-missile base, or a nuclear submarine with sixteen Polaris missiles, the men have hardly any chance of *seeing* the enemy, still less of baring their teeth and barking at him. Our modern Guardians are well enclosed in kennels — whether stationary, floating or flying.

Of course, one can visualize the enemy without seeing him. As a matter of fact, it may be easier (in the case of human beings, if not of dogs) to arouse hatred of an invisible enemy than of a tangible one. One can always depict the other side as consisting of one-eyed Cyclopses, baby-eaters, devil's disciples, not to speak of atheists and nihilists (or tyrants of Wall Street, as the case may be). Yet, I contend that in the dawning age (or maybe it is already late in the morning) of nuclear push-button war, such conditioning would be quite dangerous.

For, if the enemy is so fiercely hated, some energetic airmen, or submarine crew, are likely to want to do away with him. With the perfection of the means of delivery of the nuclear bombs, this is bound to become increasingly easy. A few angry men might start off an atomic world disaster. To prevent such a development, the psychologists responsible for the training — or, as they put it, conditioning — of today's Guardians must bear this in mind and refrain from making the defense personnel hostile to the enemy.

Yet, if the personnel is not hostile to the enemy, how is it going to be ready to destroy him by the millions? If there is any logic in the emotional make-up of normal human beings, an act of unprecedented destruction must be based on a great amount of hostility.

Moreover, this hostility must not be limited to the enemy: it must include one's own country as well! For the nuclear personnel must be ready to retaliate not only after the total destruction of their own country, or after an all-out attack on it; they may have to retaliate to a limited attack — say, an attack confined to the overseas bases of their country. In retaliating to a limited attack, however, the defense personnel are inviting a total re-retaliation, that is to say, the destruction of their own country, home, family. Thus, the military man must, at times, be insensitive, if not hostile, to his own people — another deviation from Plato's military manual.

SO THE watch-dog model no longer serves. No more old-fashioned patriotism for soldiers! The Guardians of the nuclear age must be prepared to be friendly or hostile both to friend and enemy — at the will of the command! (The psychological make-up of the commanders is another troublesome subject.) Is it possible to condition men to change suddenly from a *universal* friendliness to a *universal* hatred (or indifference)? It is possible to have such a mixture of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Of angels and devils (or imbeciles)?

Perhaps not impossible! After all, human emotions do not spring from logic, and ambivalent attitudes are a familiar notion among psychologists. And yet ambivalent feelings, changes of mood, emotional inconsistencies are one thing; an *operational use* of these tendencies — a split-second change from Jekyll to Hyde — may be another matter.

It is up to the psychologists to solve this question. As a layman, I dare to interfere only because, as a potential victim of a psychological mistake, I cannot but urge the psychologists to be extremely cautious. They must choose, as our Guardians, people of emotional stability, yet at the same time of emotional convertibility (from love to hatred). The psychologist must be careful to deprive the button-pushers of the last rudiments of humanity and conscience — but only at the right moment! Our Guardians must be made patient, for possibly the moment of pushing the buttons will never come; and yet impatient once the moment of button-pushing arrives. They must be made humble — actors rehearsing for a drama which they may never have an opportunity to enact.

(Or is it possible that the problem I raise can be dismissed, and the nuclear-defense personnel trained for total annihilation simply as a military duty, or as a technical job, or both — a thing to be accepted, yet not to be thought about during non-working hours devoted to wife, children and Sunday church-going! Still, a problem remains: where can one find technically competent people whose general level of intelligence and imagination are so low?)

The difficulties of the psychologists' task may persuade the architects of defense to rely less on human factors and to concentrate on mechanical devices. In the age of automation, it is not inconceivable that rockets might be made to retaliate automatically. If a trigger-pulling apparatus could be developed which would register and react to a nuclear bomb exploding within a certain radius, but which would remain insensitive to ordinary explosions and earthquakes, not to speak of nuclear mishaps on a neighboring firing-site (are there more qualifications needed?), the human factor could be eliminated altogether.

Or, one could think of a trigger-pulling device which would react to a radar warning. The radar, registering a flying missile (but not a civil airplane or a scientific satellite), would — automatically — pull the triggers of the missile fleet at its command. The President, the generals and the ordinary Guardians could continue to lead the lives of normal, or even abnormal — but normally abnormal, not abnormally normal — citizens.

Or could they? I doubt it! For mechanical devices — even in the

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age of automation — are not infallible. Rockets may escape their electronic controls (this has already happened), radar can mistake meteorites for an enemy attack (this also happened); and what about a single nuclear bomb fired by a madman from a small country and triggering the automatic retaliatory power of a big nation? There are bound to be still other mechanical and quasi-mechanical heels of Achilles in such automatic systems — nobody can now predict how many.

How then can we assure our survival in this splendid age of Progress? Surely, we cannot put our trust in dog psychology, whether Platonic or Pavlovian. Nor can we trust in a mechanical device: to suspend the lives of millions of people on a screw is to demand too much even from the greatest enthusiast of modern engineering.

What then? Well, there are some people who think that controlled disarmament, followed eventually by a world authority, is the best and simplest way out (see, for example, Bertrand Russell's lucid essay on *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare*, 1959). Admittedly, some problems arise in this connection, too; but at least human survival is not subjected to the reliability of dog psychology, or to the infallibility of technological devices.

But these people are called impractical idealists! Anybody who thinks about present-day realities in terms of *preventing* a nuclear Armageddon, rather than *preparing* for it, is an incurable idealist. On the other hand, generals, rocketeers, nuclear scientists working for the military, and military psychologists are the realists.

Requiescant in pace.

DIME STORES and DIGNITY . . *by James McBride Dabbs*

Mayesville, South Carolina

THE "SIT-IN" actions of Southern students, mainly Negro, have already done one thing: they have given the lie to the usual defense put up by the white South that "everybody is satisfied down here."

Of course, it will still be maintained by many whites that everybody *is* satisfied, and that these student demonstrations are solely the result of outside interference. But they won't be as sure as they once were.

As a matter of fact, there probably has been some help from outside. The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) has been doing some work in the South for several years — mainly, however, on Negro registration for voting. But the speedy, South-wide spread of the sit-ins indicates spontaneous activity. And even though some of this activity may have been suggested by outsiders, it would not have occurred unless the will to action had been present.

As for the objection to outside interference, the white South will just have to accept the fact that in the world today it's hard to tell what's outside and what's inside. The lives of Negro students, like the lives of all of us, are daily influenced by world-encircling ideas. The suggestion for the sit-in came from Martin Luther King, of Montgomery, who got it from Mohandas Gandhi, of India, who got it from H. D. Thoreau, of Massachusetts. The Southern butterfly can never return to its provincial cocoon; it is adrift now on the winds of the world.

As to the immediate cause of this movement, the Southern Regional Council, which has made the most thorough study of it to date, says this:

> The movement began in North Carolina, the state most commonly identified with so-called token integration. There is sufficient evidence to conclude that one irritant which motivated the students was resentment over the pace of school desegregation. As such, the lunch counter demonstrations are a sign of the hollow inadequacy of a desegregation scheme designed simply to skirt the law.

It's rather interesting that, so far as I know, nobody has yet blamed the NAACP for the sit-ins. This is remarkable, since all other "non-Southern" actions of the last half-dozen years have been blamed on the NAACP (and the "nine old men"). The failure thus to place the blame may be due to a dawning realization in the white South that something more than a few personal devils is responsible for the changes we are involved in.

BUT THE white South is ignorant not only of causes; it is ignorant also of the present situation. I am sure that many a white Southerner has become aware only within the last month that Negroes are not served at the lunch counters of ten-cent stores. An outsider may ask, How is such ignorance possible? It is not only possible, it is human. Excluding the rather large number of whites who rarely, if ever, eat in ten-cent stores, and who therefore would have no experience of the exclusive nature of these lunch counters, the whites who do eat there accept without question the custom. Very few people question long-established customs; they live by them without being aware of them. There is therefore at least this gain in the present situation: many a white has been made aware of a privilege he didn't realize he had, and he may begin to question his right to it.

In two or three instances, the sit-in demonstrations have been made in public libraries; and some friends of the students have raised the question as to whether the public library should not have been the entire focus of the challenge. It is true that the public library, being supported at least in part by public funds, is a logical point of attack

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JAMES McBRIDE DABBS, South Carolina farmer, is author of The Southern Heritage (*Knopf*).

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Under the caption "An Appeal for Human Rights," this ad, drawn up and paid for by students of six Negro colleges, appeared March 9 in the Atlanta Journal and Atlanta Constitution. Said Georgia's Governor: "This left-wing statement does not read like it was written in this country."

ADVT. ADVT. ADVT.

We, the students of the six affiliated institutions forming the Atlanta University Center — Clark, Morehouse, Morris Brown, and Spelman Colleges, Atlanta University, and the Interdenominational Theological Center—have joined our hearts, minds, and bodies in the cause of gaining those rights which are inherently ours as members of the human race and as citizens of these United States.

We pledge our unqualified support to those students in this nation who have recently been engaged in the significant movement to secure certain long-awaited rights and privileges. This protest, like the bus boycott in Montgomery, has shocked many people throughout the world. Why? Because they had not quite realized the unanimity of spirit and purpose which motivates the thinking and action of the great majority of the Negro people. The students who instigate and participate in these sit-down protests are dissatisfied, not only with the existing conditions, but with the snail-like speed at which they are being ameliorated. Every normal human being wants to walk the earth with dignity and abhors any and all proscriptions placed upon him because of race or color. In essence, this is the meaning of the sit-down protests that are sweeping this nation today.

We do not intend to wait placidly for those rights which are already legally and morally ours to be meted out to us one at a time. Today's youth will not sit by submissively, while being denied all of the rights, privileges, and joys of life. We want to state clearly and unequivocally that we cannot tolerate, in a nation professing democracy and among people professing Christianity, the discriminatory conditions under which the Negro is living today in Atlanta, Georgia—supposedly one of the most progressive cities in the South.

Among the inequalities and injustices in Atlanta and in Georgia against which we protest, the following are outstanding examples:

(1) Education:

In the Public School System, facilities for Negroes and whites are separate and unequal. Double sessions continue in about half of the Negro Public Schools, and many Negro children travel ten miles a day in order to reach a school that will admit them.
On the university level, the state will pay a Negro to attend a school out of state rather than admit him to the University of Georgia, Georgia Tech, the Georgia Medical School, and other tax-supported public institutions.

According to a recent publication, in the fiscal year 1958 a total of $31,632,057.18 was spent in the State institutions of higher education for white only. In the Negro State Colleges only $2,001,177.06 was spent.
The publicly supported institutions of higher education are inter-racial now, except that they deny admission to Negro Americans.

(2) Jobs:

Negroes are denied employment in the majority of city, state, and federal governmental jobs, except in the most menial capacities.

(3) Housing:

While Negroes constitute 32% of the population of Atlanta, they are forced to live within 16% of the area of the city.

Statistics also show that the bulk of the Negro population is still:

a. locked into the more undesirable and overcrowded areas of the city;

b. paying a proportionally higher percentage of income for rental and purchase of generally lower quality property;

c. blocked by political and direct or indirect racial restrictions in its efforts to secure better housing.

(4) Voting:

Contrary to statements made in Congress recently by several Southern Senators, we know that in many counties in Georgia and other southern states, Negro college graduates are declared unqualified to vote and are not permitted to register.

(5) Hospitals:

Compared with facilities for other people in Atlanta and Georgia, those for Negroes are unequal and totally inadequate.

Reports show that Atlanta's 14 general hospitals and 9 related institutions provide some 4,000 beds. Except for some 430 beds at Grady Hospital, Negroes are limited to the 250 beds in three private Negro hospitals. Some of the hospitals barring Negroes were built with federal funds.

(6) Movies, Concerts, Restaurants:

Negroes are barred from most downtown movies and segregated in the rest.
Negroes must even sit in a segregated section of the Municipal Auditorium.
If a Negro is hungry, his hunger must wait until he comes to a "colored" restaurant, and even his thirst must await its quenching at a "colored" water fountain.

(7) Law Enforcement:

There are grave inequalities in the area of law enforcement. Too often, Negroes are maltreated by officers of the law. An insufficient number of Negroes is employed in the law-enforcing agencies. They are seldom, if ever promoted. Of 830 policemen in Atlanta only 35 are Negroes.

We have briefly mentioned only a few situations in which we are discriminated against. We have understated rather than overstated the problems. These social evils are seriously plaguing Georgia, the South, the nation, and the world.

We hold that:

(1) The practice of racial segregation is not in keeping with the ideals of Democracy and Christianity.
(2) Racial segregation is robbing not only the segregated but the segregator of his human dignity. Furthermore, the propagation of racial prejudice is unfair to the generations yet unborn.
(3) In times of war, the Negro has fought and died for his country; yet he still has not been accorded first-class citizenship.
(4) In spite of the fact that the Negro pays his share of taxes, he does not enjoy participation in city, county and state government at the level where laws are enacted.
(5) The social, economic, and political progress of Georgia is retarded by segregation and prejudices.
(6) America is fast losing the respect of other nations by the poor example which she sets in the area of race relations.

It is unfortunate that the Negro is being forced to fight, in any way, for what is due him and is freely accorded other Americans. It is unfortunate that even today some people should hold to the erroneous idea of racial superiority, despite the fact that the world is fast moving toward an integrated humanity.

The time has come for the people of Atlanta and Georgia to take a good look at what is really happening in this country, and to stop believing those who tell us that everything is fine and equal, and that the Negro is happy and satisfied.

It is to be regretted that there are those who still refuse to recognize the over-riding supremacy of the Federal Law.

Our churches which are ordained by God and claim to be the houses of all people, foster segregation of the races to the point of making Sunday the most segregated day of the week.

We, the students of the Atlanta University Center, are driven by past and present events to assert our feelings to the citizens of Atlanta and to the world.

We, therefore, call upon all people in authority—State, County, and City officials; all leaders in civic life—ministers, teachers, and business men; and all people of good will to assert themselves and abolish these injustices. We must say in all candor that we plan to use every legal and non-violent means at our disposal to secure full citizenship rights as members of this great Democracy of ours.

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for citizens challenging their exclusion from the use of public services; it is true also that a demand like this, apparently motivated by the desire for intellectual advancement, would seem to most people more praiseworthy — though they themselves might not practice it — than the desire to eat at a cheap and convenient place. But probably most students could more easily be moved to challenge their exclusion from one store counter among fifty than from an entire building devoted to intellectual advancement. Students are also human.

The appeal of the variety-store demonstrations lies just here: that while Negroes are cordially invited to trade at forty-nine counters, they are forbidden to trade at the fiftieth, just across the aisle. This is both injury and insult. In making their challenge here, however, the students have aroused a deep, though shadowy, opposition among the whites: eating together, the two races will be indulging in almost the ultimate intimacy. It may be absurd that the ghost of the tribe should hover over the lunch counter of a modern variety store; it may be a matter for scornful laughter that whites should expect to buy aristocratic privileges for a dime. But people are like that. We need a modern Cervantes to laugh us out of our absurdity.

THOUGH the police of the cities involved have not in every instance acted professionally, there is much to commend in their handling of a new and difficult situation. As to the legal rights of the students in these demonstrations, this is a matter that will have to be settled by the courts. The white South, however — that is, the Southern power structure — faces a complex problem in handling this new kind of protest. Police forces are interested in the maintenance of law and order. For historical reasons, this means in the South primarily the maintenance of order — an order more customary than legal. Furthermore, Southern order rests generally upon one assumption: the Negro on the bottom, the white on top. This was the settlement made during the last quarter of the nineteenth century; as regards the position of whites and Negroes relative to one another, it was the same as the slavery settlement. Whatever is done to shake the order based upon this assumption is by definition disorderly. In a region where words are powerful, even to protest against it is disorderly. Such a protest, the Southern authorities will continually inform the people, may cause the reaction of violence — may develop into violence, they say — as the threatened whites attempt *en masse* to restore the old order (of course, they don't explain it just this way).

Since 1954, the white South has been trying to reconstruct its image of Negro-white relations. Except for the more backward areas, we have quit talking about white supremacy, or the white-on-top, the Negro-on-the-bottom, and have begun to talk about equal-but-separate. We've finally got around to the *Plessy vs. Ferguson* decision of 1896. I fear we're too late; we held out too long on *Plessy vs. Ferguson*; now we're up against *Brown vs. Board of Education*; and the Negroes aren't going to be satisfied with the earlier ruling.

But even the advance to *Plessy vs. Ferguson* would not solve the problem of order, though it would make it easier of solution. Order would simply change from the white-on-top, the Negro-on-the-bottom, to the white-and-the-Negro-side-by-side-but-separate; and anything that challenged this order would be considered disorderly. The Negroes must challenge this order. Therefore the Negroes are disorderly.

HOW will the Negroes handle this problem? They don't want real disorder any more than the whites do; but they know that, second to the law, their strongest force is the recognition by the white South and, indeed, by the nation, that they are not satisfied. But how shall the South and the nation realize this unless they continue to protest? And how shall they protest without being considered and even being treated as disorderly? Furthermore, how shall they maintain the spirit of protest unless they express it? How shall they keep "the edge of deprivation sharp" unless they continually recall their deprivations?

They will find a way. They have too much on their side to stop now; they hold the winning hand. Perhaps their greatest resource is that they know pretty well the whites they have to deal with. They will help us to defeat ourselves.

CAN YOUR COPILOT FLY? . . . by Karl M. Ruppenthal

"NORTH PLATTE Tower," called the copilot excitedly. "This is Flight 36. We're en route to Chicago, but we've got an emergency, and we're coming in. Call a doctor and an ambulance. Looks like the captain had a heart attack, so I'm going to bring her in."

He signaled an emergency on the hostess call, and both girls hurried to the cockpit. With the aid of the engineer, they lifted the captain and wrapped him in blankets on the floor. The copilot trimmed the plane, engaged the autopilot momentarily, then shifted to the captain's seat. He handled the plane smoothly, like a veteran; an observer would not have known that he was nervous.

When the plane came to a stop in front of the terminal, the copilot had a moment to think of his passengers. Over the public-address system, he told them that the cap-

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tain had fallen ill. He expressed hope that the unscheduled landing would not inconvenience them unduly.

At the hospital in North Platte, Captain Hale was pronounced dead on arrival. "Quite sudden," said the doctor. "One of those unexpected coronaries. He looked like a man in perfect health. Took two regular physical examinations each year. Just one of those things impossible to predict."

Flight 36 then completed its trip uneventfully.

OF COURSE, the mathematical chances that an airline captain will suffer a heart attack in mid-air are small. But the possibilities of his being stricken with food poisoning or diarrhea are not. Many times pilots have become so debilitated by such "minor ailments" that the copilot had to complete the flight.

Today most airlines are well aware of the importance of thorough pilot training. Well-equipped classrooms provide schooling in meteorology, navigation, airline operations and a host of other subjects. A cut-away engine demonstrates the internal workings of the latest jet turbines. A cockpit mock-up allows student pilots to practice starting jet engines while monitoring the instruments. Nearby an instructor at a console can simulate a flooded engine, or one with faulty ignition.

Expensive simulations can teach pilots on the ground many of the things they should know in the air. These amazing devices, some costing as much as $1 million, incorporate a completely instrumented cockpit. Here also the instructor may simulate emergencies which a pilot may encounter, but which are too expensive or too dangerous to practice in the air: engine fires, ruptured windows, a landing with but one engine. All airline captains, and most copilots, receive such training. Copilots on the better lines are thoroughly qualified for the jobs which, in an emergency, they may be called upon to perform.

But this is not true on all lines. More than one chief pilot has been asked to justify a training plan for copilots whose costs can easily be computed, but whose benefits cannot. There have been tugs of war between conscientious chief pilots and cost-conscious controllers. The surprising truth is that nowhere in the Civil Air Regulations is extensive copilot training required!

For captains the regulations are clear. No pilot may command a commercial transport plane without first being thoroughly qualified. He must have a commercial license, an instrument rating, an air-transport rating, and he must pass a proficiency test on each type of plane that he flies. Once rated on a plane, he must take periodic checks to prove that his proficiency is maintained. But for the copilot, the regulations require no more than that he take off and land the plane three times.

How does this work out? Let's imagine the chief pilot of an airline looking over the file of a new employee, shortly due to arrive. The boy's recommendations sound good. "One of the best insurance salesmen I've ever known, friendly, personable," said his last employer. "Able, conscientious, should go places," said his college dean. But the boy hasn't been near a plane for two years. Probably he's never even seen a DC-3.

IN DUE time, the new pilot arrives. He fills out forms, checks out manuals, and is measured for his uniform. Next he goes with a check pilot to be introduced to the airplane. Cargo handlers remove the last of the baggage from an incoming flight, and the two pilots climb in. "Not much time," says the check pilot. "We've got to get her back for the afternoon schedule."

The check pilot taxies the plane into position and opens the throttles. Five hundred feet down the runway he yells to the new pilot, "It's all yours. You get her." The new copilot completes the take-off. They follow the traffic pattern around the field and come in to land. The check pilot handles the power and keeps one hand on the wheel. He coaches the new boy on the landing, overriding him occasionally on the controls. Before the plane comes to a stop, the check pilot yells, "Touch and go!" and applies take-off power. Thirty seconds later they are again in the air, starting on their second circuit of the field. The third time around the copilot makes the landing himself. "Not bad, not bad at all," says the check pilot. "Of course, with a load of passengers, you'll need to be a bit smoother. But you'll get on to it all right. All you need is a little time in the airplane."

Thirty-five minutes after his first introduction to the plane, the copilot is qualified — or at least that is what the forms say. He has made three take-offs and landings. In the normal course of events, some captains with whom he will fly may take a personal interest in him and teach him the finer points about airline flying. After a year or two of informal on-the-job training, he may become fairly proficient. Or he may not.

WITH THE advent of the jets, proper training programs become of even greater importance. Two years before the first commercial jet flights in this country, the Air Line Pilots Association began a study of military jet experience. The conclusion seemed clear: Jet operation was so complex that two pilots were required full time; at times, in congested areas, three would be needed. The third man could also provide relief to the others when they relaxed or made necessary trips to the cabin.

Most of the airlines agreed, manning cockpits accordingly. But there was a vast difference in the manner in which they trained their men. The better lines recognized the responsibility borne by each crew member. Captains and first officers (copilots) alike were qualified to fly the plane. Second officers were trained not only for their regular duties, but also to relieve the first officer in an emergency.

On other lines, however, a different philosophy prevailed. Copilots were given but two hours of flight training — hardly enough to enable them to handle the plane! Some second officers were scheduled on flights without any training at all. Some were given a manual to read, but no training in the plane; others were not even furnished a manual. Even today, on one airline,

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half of the second officers are not qualified to man the controls. A federal aviation official has notified this company that on its planes, the second officer ". . . is not considered qualified to provide relief of any other flight crew member as required by routine or emergency conditions. Therefore [he] is only to be used to serve as a lookout . . . [and] is not to operate any controls. . . ." Although this airline carries three pilots on its jets, it is little more than coincidence if the first and second officers are fully qualified.

Concerned about lines with faulty training programs, the Federal Aviation Administrator proposed a new regulation which would require all first officers to hold a type-rating on the aircraft they fly, and that every six months they be given a proficiency check. The Airline Pilots Association hailed the proposal, suggesting that it be extended also to cover second officers on jets. Industry reaction was mixed. Some well-managed carriers regarded it as just another government regulation designed to force them to continue the things they were already doing. But the loudest complaints came from lines whose pocketbooks would be hit. They argued that the regulation was both unnecessary and too expensive.

It is no secret that good training costs money. One major airline estimates its training costs for jet flight crews at nearly $2 million to date. Experienced airline captains training on jets have required from twelve to forty-five hours of training — at a cost of something like $1,000 an hour. Average cost of qualifying a jet captain on this line is about $20,000 — the profit on several thousand air-line tickets!

Copilot training, too, costs money — about $50 per hour on a DC-3, $200 per hour on a DC-7 or Constellation, and as much as $1,000 per hour on a jet. On lines where myopic keepers of the purse speak louder than the pilot-training departments, training costs have been kept to a minimum — and copilot competency as well.

IN THE past, the situation was not critical. Most newly hired copilots were reasonably well qualified to fly a DC-3. It could be maneuvered at slow speeds and could be flown by one man. In an emergency, almost any copilot could manage to land it in a nearby field. The "workhorse of the air" was tolerant of mistakes and variations in flying techniques. Its sturdy landing gear could withstand a terrific bounce.

But all this has changed. Instead of twenty-one passengers potentially dependent on the copilot's ability to pilot a DC-3 at 160 miles per hour, there are eighty passengers on a DC-7 (cruising speed 275), or 120 passengers on a jet (cruising speed about 600). While the mathematical chances of the captain's taking ill are probably not much increased, the contingent responsibility of the copilot has gone up. Clearly he may have the responsibility of many more lives, and the operation he may direct is much more complex.

Should the copilot be called upon to fill the captain's shoes, the second officer would take his seat on the right. So adequate second-officer training can spell the difference between a marginal operation and one that is perfectly safe.

But the FAA's proposed regulation was not enacted. Substituted was a requirement that all airlines submit their pilot-training programs to the FAA for approval. There is no doubt that this regulation can accomplish the same ends. But will it? Will the standards set in Washington be sufficiently high? Since standards are open to interpretation by dozens of FAA agents throughout the land, what assurance will there be of uniformity of interpretation? Is there still a possibility that "paper" qualifications may be substituted for real flight training?

Today when a passenger climbs aboard a plane, he has no guarantee of the qualifications of several members of the crew. Riding an airplane soon? Next time you fly, ring the bell for the hostess. Ask her if she knows whether the copilot can really fly.

Seas, Poles and Outer Space . . *Howard J. Taubenfeld*

SINCE October 4, 1957, when the space age began in earnest with the launching of the first sputnik, international politics have been marked by two contrasting tendencies: one, the typical, frightening, noisy pattern of cold-war crises—Hungary, Berlin, Suez, Quemoy, Laos, the India-China border; the other a quieter, less publicized drawing together of the great powers to meet the challenge of man's new and limitless potentials. Some statesmen have evidenced increasing awareness of the dangers inherent in *national* rather than *international* approaches to such vast arenas of potential conflict—or progress—as the seas, the Antarctic and, of course, the limitless reaches of outer space. From the international point of view, it has been a time of achievement, but also a period of by-passed opportunities, particularly with respect to outer space.

The recent Soviet closure of a portion of the Pacific for missile testing has forcibly reminded us that there are space-age problems even in control of the high seas—the three-fourths of the globe which has served as man's high road for over two thousand years. These problems are difficult, but we must bear in mind that the great principle of "freedom of the seas" is really of comparatively recent origin and, in

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application, has always been highly qualified. Until the seventeenth century, nations claimed whole seas as their own; today, one still hears an occasional Soviet claim to dominion over the Arctic Sea.

Even after the emergence of English sea power helped convince the world that the high seas were too vast for monopoly by any one state, nations maintained their claims to absolute sovereignty or control over their surrounding coastal waters. These claims now extend from a commonly accepted minimum of three miles to as much as 250 miles, as the second Conference on the Law of the Sea, now in session at Geneva, attests. Moreover, even without asserting sovereignty, nations have always claimed the right to extend their jurisdictions outward for fiscal, customs and security purposes. The United States, which has traditionally opposed any extension of the three-mile rule, nevertheless claims the unilateral right to exploitation of its oil-rich continental shelf at any distance from its coasts. And, perhaps most important, in wartime the concept of freedom of the seas has been honored more in the breach than in the observance; the seas become as unfree as the stronger navy can make them (though the United States has fought wars over precisely this issue). Even in peacetime, nations holding war games commonly close off parts of the ocean for brief periods.

But it is the changing technology of the space age which has caused the recent increase in peacetime incursions into the freedom principle. The speed of approach of a missile or jet plane, for example, has made it necessary for the United States and Canada (and other countries, no doubt) to extend air-defense identification zones, in which inbound craft must identify themselves, for hundreds of miles out over the seas. Part of this system involves the use of "Texas towers," themselves permanent structures in the seas at substantial distances from the coasts. Missile testing has also brought its inroads: the Russians recently closed off several thousand square miles of the Pacific; the United States has likewise partly closed off, for similar purposes, a 5,000-mile corridor over the Atlantic. The United States has also shut off as much as 40,000 square miles of the Pacific around Eniwetok for nuclear tests.

DESPITE THE battering given the principle by these technological exercises, there is still general agreement that the high seas are free for legitimate use by all. Long ago it was recognized that nations have a common interest in preventing interference with lawful ocean traffic by pirates, slave traders and other "common enemies" of mankind; indeed, these evils were stamped out largely by common efforts. Cooperation continues in keeping the seas safe. Thus there are widely accepted "rules of the road" for operation of vessels; jointly supported iceberg patrols, rescue services, navigational facilities and research programs exist and often perform self-sacrificing services.

Even in the more difficult economic sphere, international programs attempt to guarantee sharing of the exhaustible resources of the deep. Rights in fur sealing in the Pacific, in fishing for several types of marine life in both major oceans, and in whaling, particularly in Antarctic waters, have been regulated by multinational pacts. (Unfortunately, greed has continually reduced the stock of whales in southern waters.) In general, one must conclude that continuous international cooperation on the seas is historic, useful and civilizing—a testimony to the fact that men of different nations can unite in cooperating against the blind forces of nature. It is noteworthy that the new challenges to man's continued cooperative use of the ocean highways arise not from nature, but from man.

Two recent series of events further emphasize both the community of interest in the seas and the difficulties that old-fashioned nationalism and new-style weaponry are posing. From mid-1957 through 1958, scientists from sixty-six nations participated in the International Geophysical Year (IGY), a vast program of co-ordinated scientific research which had as three of its special concerns the seas, the Antarctic and outer space. At IGY's close, an international research program designed to continue to probe oceanic mysteries was organized under a Special Committee on Oceanographic Research. The committee is now preparing a multinational study of the Indian Ocean.

On the political side, developments were also promising—but only in part. A first Conference on the Law of the Sea was held under U. N. auspices in 1958, and the delegates from the eighty-six participating states succeeded in codifying, and making additions to, many of the rules of international law applicable to the seas. But the counterpoint of political disagreement and economic rivalry was also present. The conference was totally unable to agree on any change in the three-mile limit to national sovereignty over coastal seas. Three miles, six miles, twelve miles, 200 miles and other distances were proposed by different states, each proposal being differently motivated.

Iceland, for example, insisted on twelve miles because of valuable offcoast fishing banks over which she wanted exclusive fishing rights (she has since attempted to arrest British fishermen within this limit; Britain, in turn, has sent warships to defend her citizens). The Chinese Communists likewise now claim twelve miles for the obvious purpose of bringing certain disputed offshore islands within her coastal waters. The Soviet Union also claims a twelve-mile belt, as do many other nations, both to obtain additional fishing preserves and perhaps for political reasons as well. If generally accepted, a twelve-mile rule would shrink the high seas by some three million square miles. Opposition of the United States to any large extension of territorial waters is based on the fact that these waters are officially neutral in time of war, giving the submarine powers — the Germans in the last war—inviolable bases of operations. In the light of these conflicting economic, political and strategic interests, the conference could come to no generally agreeable compromise.

NOW LET us look briefly at several missed opportunities for harmonizing international programs for the sea frontiers—programs that could get necessary jobs done without

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creating fears or unnecessary rivalries. On the scientific side, for example, Soviet oceanographers appear to be far ahead of all others in mapping the ocean deeps. This information is of great interest to scientists, and also, unfortunately, to submarine commanders. The Soviets have made only part of their knowledge available to the world scientific community. How many fewer fears would be aroused if such information were gathered by an impartial international scientific group and made generally available?

Another example: it has been discovered that some portions of the ocean floor bear quantities of valuable minerals. (It has already been noted, above, that continental shelves have been opened to petroleum operations.) What will be the status of claims to "mining" these floors when it becomes possible to do so? Will nations stake out claims, or will they support claims made by their nationals? Who will own or control the vast quantities of minute ocean life, the plankton, which we may some day learn to use as food for humans? Does any nation have the right to interfere with the ocean currents and perhaps alter weather conditions around the world? The possibilities for bitter rivalries are obvious. Might not the creation of an international research and development agency prevent most of these problems from becoming sources of future conflict?

IT MAY be hoped that the current Conference on the Law of the Sea will continue the codification and extension of sea law begun in 1958. It is doubtful that easy agreement will be reached on such problems as the width of the territorial sea. And it is certain that the creation of new international organs, designed to seek out scientific knowledge and to develop resources, will not be considered. The tendency to think in terms of international solutions, even when they offer the best chance of general gain, has always been weak in national statesmen.

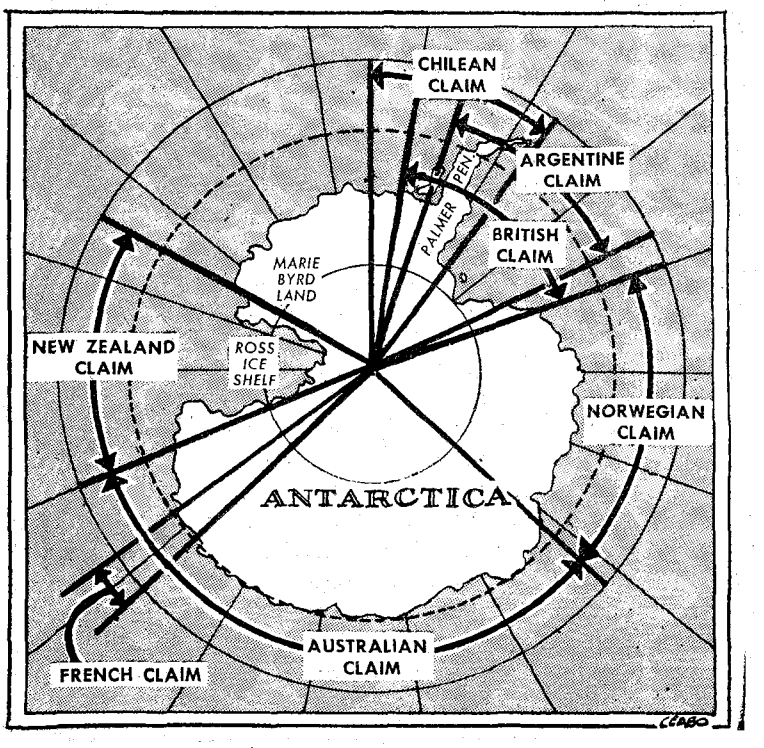
There has been a similar mixture of success and failure with regard to reaching international solutions of problems posed by the Antarctic and by outer space.

Antarctica is the coldest, highest, windiest, least accessible, least known, least hospitable of the continents, lying almost entirely under an ice sheet up to four miles thick. Its very existence was in dispute until the early nineteenth century. Yet, since 1908, seven countries—Britain, Australia, New Zealand, France, Argentina, Chile and Norway—have made extensive territorial claims there. The United States and, more recently, the Soviet Union, have also been active in Antarctica; but both, while rejecting the claims of other nations as not based on effective occupation, have thus far refrained from making formal claims in their own behalf, though they have reserved the right to do so.

Strangely enough, this desolate area has aroused strong emotions in several nations. Indeed, Argentina and Chile have made their claimed Antarctic territories (which partly overlap) officially part of their respective national homelands. British claims, in turn, overlap both of the Latin American claims. The very name of the disputed area reflects the bitter dispute: it is the Palmer Peninsula to cartographers in the United States, it is Graham Land to the British, Tierra O'Higgins on Chilean maps, and Tierra San Martín to Argentina.

Why the rivalries over these inhospitable lands? The usual congerie of reasons in international politics comes to mind—economic potential, prestige, strategic considerations. What does the Antarctic offer on these scores?

Strategy. To Australia, New Zealand and Latin America, Antarctica is a southern neighbor, though 700 to 1,000 miles away across storm-tossed seas. None would want it in "unfriendly" hands—the legitimate flying of a Soviet flag over a Russian scientific base within the Australian claim caused consternation in Australia during the IGY. The British, recalling the use of Antarctic waters by German raiders in two world wars, are also averse to "unfriendly" control. United States Congressmen, in particular, think both of the long record of American Antarctic exploration and of the potential problem if the Panama Canal were destroyed and all shipping forced round the Horn. On the other hand, American naval officers, aware of the logistic difficulties involved in any use of the Antarctic as a base, and of the capabilities of long-range nuclear submarines, now tend privately



Seven nations lay claim to territory in the Antarctic. (Map source: The New York Times.)

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to downgrade the strategic importance of the area. Nevertheless, rightly or wrongly, the countries ringing the Antarctic do not discount this importance to themselves.

Economics. The Norwegians, for example, are interested in Antarctica expressly because they wish to protect their whaling industry. The possibility that great mineral wealth exists there is doubtless significant in keeping alive the active hopes of several nations. Vast amounts of very low-grade coal have been found, as well as traces of over a hundred minerals, including uranium. However, so far no commercially usable discoveries have been made, and the ice sheet over much of the continent, combined with the problems of transport, represent fantastic difficulties in the path of mineral exploitation. Mining the seas is probably a far more practical alternative. Nevertheless, the "untold wealth" which may prove to lie in the Antarctica remains a block to the renunciation of national claims.

Prestige and politics. The prestige of adding vast areas, however empty, to the national territory, the internal political importance the claims develop in countries like Argentina and Chile — these are real enough factors to political leaders. Indeed, disputed territorial claims can even be a political convenience in such countries, serving as a distraction from difficult domestic problems.

WHATEVER the status of national claims, science has a broad interest in the Antarctic as a vast unexplored region, for what can be learned there that affects the world at large, and for the area's useful location for making celestial observations. In the space age, the South Pole is uniquely situated (the North Pole is located not on land, but in the Arctic Sea) to permit the establishment of a station for receiving transmissions from weather satellites which—in polar orbits—would pass over it on each ninety-minute tour of the earth; and also for tracking many flights into deep space. The Antartic is already of great concern to meteorologists, since it is the world's ice-box and has a direct effect on all weather, particularly in the Southern hemisphere.

A massive, cooperative scientific Antarctic program was undertaken during the IGY by the seven territory-claiming states, plus South Africa (which claims some sub-Antarctic islands), the United States, the Soviet Union, Belgium and Japan. There was an understanding that operations would not constitute grounds for further territorial claims. Much new geological, meteorological and similar data were gathered; scientists of different nationalities worked in each other's stations; and a Special Committee on Antarctic Research (SCAR), with membership open to any nation whose scientists winter-over in Antarctica, has been formed to continue the work. Most important, in May, 1958, the United States Government invited the eleven other IGY Antarctic participants to create a treaty which would maintain an IGY-type of non-political cooperation. After more than a year of painful, secret negotiations, the treaty conference met in October, 1959.

THE resulting document, signed last December, is a useful though limited approach to creating conditions conducive to international cooperation. For at least a thirty-year period, political claims to territory are "frozen" at their present status. Antarctica is to be open to peaceful scientific exploration by all, and military operations are barred. In addition, the world's first ban on nuclear testing has been agreed upon, and a novel observer-inspection system is provided. The treaty has already been hailed as a monument to American diplomacy. But it still must be ratified by all twelve signatories to become effective. Since the citizens of Chile and Argentina have been taught to regard parts of the Antarctic as their "national patrimony," ratification in those countries may prove difficult. Indeed, the no-nuclear-testing provision was apparently inserted largely to make the treaty more attractive to the people of those two countries.

So long as the Antarctic remains relatively worthless to man for strategic and economic purposes, such a limited arrangement may well serve man's needs. But a bolder attempt might have been made to settle the Antarctic issues definitively and permanently, while the area is still of uncertain real value, while there are as yet no clashes of major power interests—and therefore some real hope of success existed. The time was ripe for the establishment of some kind of internationalization of the area. Of course, Argentina and Chile would have been in opposition; the British and New Zealand Prime Ministers, however, are already on record in favor. It is therefore difficult to understand our own reluctance to support the British and New Zealand viewpoint, and to give up our right —under proper safeguards—to make any territorial claims. Surely this would have been worth while even at the risk of losing some as yet unknown advantage, or of rousing the ire of some Congressman or Latin American ally. An opportunity to try an experiment in political internationalization and control under quite favorable circumstances, which might have served as a proving ground for similar controls in more critical areas, such as outer space, has been missed.

THE ANTARCTIC and outer space are similar in that (1) there is no present ability to exploit the natural resources of either; (2) in both cases, national claims to sovereignty have either not been made or have not received general recognition. The two areas differ significantly, however, in that the Antarctic has only limited strategic value, while the military dangers implied in national rivalries over outer space are all too real.

Since October 4, 1957, when the Soviet Union electrified the world with its successful launching of Sputnik I, almost two dozen satellites have been placed in orbit; the moon has been impacted and photographs made of its dark side; animals have been recovered alive from rocket nose-cones, indicating that men will fairly soon be able to make the trip; and plans have been formulated which will see men on the moon and the planets within a few decades—if nations are willing to devote enough of their resources to these projects. Soon, we are assured, globe-circling satellites will make accurate world-wide weather forecasts pos-

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sible. And soon, satellites will be able to serve, for defense or aggression, to keep the world under constant surveillance. While technology rockets forward, no programs for political controls to avoid conflict in space, or to assure that technology is used only for peaceful purposes, are now under discussion.

In a very real sense, space, like the seas, will ultimately serve as a great highway. The difficulty arises from the speed of the vehicles which use it. The danger from rapidly moving aircraft has already led all nations to assert an absolute right in the air space above their territories, and has prevented that space from becoming even as "free" as the high seas. The incredible speed of rockets complicates the problem. Clearly, all nations have an interest in seeing that man's space capabilities are restricted to peaceful pursuits, and that earth's rivalries are not projected outward into a new and limitless arena of conflict.

NOW and for some time to come, space problems are actually earth-oriented problems. Some of them—interference with radio communications on earth by satellite radios, the allocation of radio channels for radio astronomy and for space-vehicle use, liability for damage caused to persons or property on earth by a space vehicle, methods of identifying the nationality of spacecraft, etc.—are either already under consideration by appropriate international agencies like the International Telecommunications Union, or probably soon will be. Solutions to these problems are likely and will be very welcome, but the most fundamental issue—that of the peaceful use of space—will remain.

Both the Soviet Union and the United States have publicly asserted that space should be reserved for peaceful use only, yet both repeatedly test missiles which reach 600 miles in height; and the United States performed a major scientific experiment in exploding nuclear devices at very high altitudes (the tests indicated, incidentally, that such explosions had significant effects on radio and radar sets on earth). Both countries participated in the IGY, and all satellites launched through 1958 — with the exception of the American SCORE communications satellite — were announced as IGY, i.e., international, experiments. Even so, the Russians, who considered the launchings as part of their ballistics-missile program, have refused to furnish types of data which other participants have readily exchanged. Both sides agree that space should be free for scientific experiments by all, but the Soviet Union refused to cooperate in the IGY's space successor, COSPAR, for almost a year until Communist countries were given "parity"—the first such purely political demand advanced in any of the cooperative scientific programs undertaken to date.

Both sides have brought space issues to the U.N., but both have opposed the concept of international political control over outer space: the USSR has demanded "parity" as a condition to participation even in U.N. study groups, while the United States has insisted that the U.N. be given no more than a modest "co-ordinating" role in space problems. Following policies very much like those followed toward the Antarctic, neither nation has made any claims, but neither has been willing to give up its right to make them. This seems a short-sighted and dangerous attitude.

Limitation of the use of space to peaceful purposes is at best a tricky problem. A hundred or so satellites circling the globe on purely peaceful missions, it has been estimated, would cause great confusion on radar defense screens. With only a half-hour between the launching of an intercontinental missile and its impact halfway round the world, any confusion enhances the danger of accidental nuclear war. The definition of "peaceful" is itself not easy —a weather satellite containing a television camera will pick up not only cloud formations, but also ground objects—perhaps for target use. And without internationally controlled launchings, or international inspections at the launching sites, or capture in space when that becomes possible, how will anyone know that a satellite on an ostensibly peaceful mission does not actually contain a weapon?

As our experience with atomic weapons, the Antarctic and the problem of territorial waters indicates, it is always difficult to secure agreements for international controls once national positions harden. We have the current lessons of rivalries in the Antarctic to remind us again of the inglorious history of earlier colonial rivalries. Already technological developments have far outdistanced political controls. In the past, President Eisenhower urged that enforceable agreements for outer space should be reached "in time" but the United States has been following a hesitant, step-by-step policy in this regard, while the Soviet Union has been running away not only with the propaganda laurels, but also with a fair share of the technological laurels. What has the United States to lose in urging that there should be evolved "in time"—as the President suggested—a broad international program for the development of outer space for the benefit of all the peoples of the world? The generous, sincere espousal of such a program might arouse among the uncommitted nations a feeling of general involvement in space activities. Would it imperil national security? No one has yet shown that it would. And failure of the Soviets to cooperate would mean a serious propaganda defeat for them. Without international controls, outer space could prove to be not a high road for the free commerce of all nations, but an avenue to world disaster.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

Dr. King is a defense of the fight for freedom in the South, a group of distinguished Americans—they include Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Harry Belafonte, Dr. Algernon Black, Norman Thomas, the Rev. Donald Harrington—have formed a Committee to Defend Martin Luther King, Jr., with headquarters at 312 West 125th Street. The committee needs funds. It is to be hoped that *Nation* readers, who constitute a significant section of American liberal opinion, will contribute generously.

BAYARD RUSTIN
Executive Secretary

New York City

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Sins of Biography

IN SEARCH OF SWIFT. By Denis Johnston. Barnes & Noble. 240 pp. $7.50.

Vivian Mercier

THIS BOOK, its subject and its author are all astonishing. Swift the writer can always startle us, no matter how often we read *Gulliver* or "A Modest Proposal" or any of those other man-traps he contrived; Swift the man has been the subject of so many posthumous clinical studies since Oscar Wilde's father started the fashion that a book which proclaims Swift normal, as Denis Johnston's does, is by that very fact remarkable; and the epithet "astonishing" can also justly be applied to the author of this new piece of Swiftiana.

Let us consider for a moment Professor Denis Johnston, O.B.E., of Mount Holyoke College: no doubt that genteel institution is well aware that it harbors one of the few specimens of the Renaissance Man now in captivity, but he is not so well known as he should be in the rest of the United States. Son of an Irish judge and bred to the law himself, Mr. Johnston has had a play produced successfully on Broadway (*The Moon in the Yellow River*), been Programme Director of B.B.C. television, performed, written and directed for the stage, radio and television on both sides of the Atlantic, and taught in drama and English departments in the United States. Though never a soldier, Mr. Johnston spent three dangerous years as a B.B.C. war correspondent, arriving at Tito's headquarters by parachute on one occasion, if my memory does not deceive me. Politics is about the only field favored by Renaissance types into which he has not yet ventured, but if he ever does, I predict that he will display there the same impatient brilliance which he has shown in every other walk of life except, possibly, the law.

Such a man could never be content with writing a straightforward biography of Swift: his book is something far more fundamental, a critique of preceding biographers of Swift and of the slipshod or dishonest methods of biographers in general. Ultimately, Johnston is seeking to undermine the faith of all of us, scholars and laymen alike, in the veracity of the printed word.

He could hardly have chosen a better position from which to launch his attack on biography, for the life of Swift is beclouded not only by want of information on some very important points but also by a plethora of contradictory information and misinformation, some of the latter demonstrably supplied by Swift himself. Johnston takes particular pleasure in showing how, within this maze of uncertainties, each biographer arrives at his own certainties. Often, of course, one biographer copies from another without attempting any independent research; in the process, the guesses of one man become established facts for his plagiarizer.

For convenience sake, I should make clear at this point that Johnston has his own rival theory about the central riddle of Swift's life — the curious relationship with Esther Johnson or "Stella" — which has inspired so much assertion and speculation on the part of the Dean's biographers. Johnston, lawyerlike, prefers genealogy to psychoanalysis: Swift and Stella never married, he believes, because they were, in effect, uncle and niece; Swift was the illegitimate son of Sir John Temple, whose legitimate son, Sir William, was the natural father of Stella. Johnston further believes that, although the relationship between Swift and Stella remained platonic, Swift was sexually normal, enough so to make Esther Vanhomrigh ("Vanessa") his mistress. Vanessa demanded marriage, but Swift refused lest Stella be humiliated or her secret revealed.

NATURALLY, Johnston offers all the evidence he can find to support his theory, but the value of his book does not depend on our acceptance of the new hypothesis. He devotes a majority of his pages to demonstrating that most statements about Swift's descent, birth, early years and emotional life are either untrue or unverifiable and contradictory. Since biographers are so often content to pilfer from secondary sources, we need not be surprised that Johnston found some primary sources which had been overlooked in previous lives of Swift.

The most interesting of these clues are the entries made in the Black Book of the King's Inns, Dublin, by Jonathan Swift, senior, while he held the menial office of steward of the Inns. The dates of the entries suggest that the supposed father of Swift probably died before January 23, 1667, while young Jonathan was not born until November 30 of the same year. (If this be true, I wonder whether Abigail Swift had any qualms about naming her son Jonathan.) Conflicting identifications of the house where Swift was born, as well as the very curious story of his being kidnapped by his nurse, suggest that some sort of concealment was afoot during Swift's babyhood. Later, Swift received a good education, supposedly paid for by his uncle Godwin Swift, only two of whose own sons were nearly as well educated; yet Swift felt no gratitude toward Godwin, who may have been acting merely as paymaster for someone else. Furthermore, Sir William Temple's patronage of Swift has never been fully explained, either by the alleged blood relationship between Swift's mother and Lady Temple or by Sir John Temple's having been "a great friend to the family" — unless this phrase was intended by Swift as a euphemism.

Those primary sources which biographers have already used were often accepted quite uncritically. Johnston

VIVIAN MERCIER is writing a book on the Irish comic tradition and teaching English at the University of California.

Sun and Shadows

Sun was born when Shadows was,
Born in a moment, bred and wed:
Each one wears the other's ring
And sleeps within the selfsame bed.

I saw Sun and Shadows lying
Thigh over thigh beneath the trees;
They turned in bed at every breeze,
Yet where he goes she flies before him
To his asking still denying.

Four bare legs within a bed,
Two are hidden, two are bright,
Two are dark and two are shining,
To her sable he is golden
And yet she will not bear his sight.

Shadows rise and shadows fall:
When he grows tall then they grow small:
When he grows small then they grow tall:
As we all must rise and fall.

HILARY CORKE

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believes that Swift's own autobiographical fragment contains some deliberate lies as well as accidental confusions about dates. By the way, even Johnston himself is not quite free from the biographer's tendency to transmute possibility or probability into established fact. An important link in his chain of evidence is an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757 stating that Stella was Sir William Temple's daughter. The anonymous author's informant was "most probably a Mrs. Mayne of Farnham," says Johnston on page 93. Twenty pages later he is writing, "Mrs. Mayne, who — as might be expected — was C.M.P.'s source of information. . . ." Probability has apparently become certainty in the intervening pages.

The reader unfamiliar with biographical scholarship may find it hard to believe how casual most ancient and some modern biographers have been. For example, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's ancestry seems to have been quite deliberately traced to a nobler branch of the Sheridan family than the true one by the writer in the venerated *Dictionary of National Biography*; indeed, Sheridan's earlier biographers are so contradictory that Miss E. M. Butler wrote a book on the subject rather similar to Johnston's, calling it *Sheridan: A Ghost-Story*. The greater the writer, the greater the accumulation of cock-and-bull stories around him: see Sir E. K. Chambers' book attempting to separate Shakespeare from his legend.

I am not myself a Swift specialist, but a friend of mine who is regards Johnston's book as plausible enough, though he thinks we can never hope to be certain about the truth of the Swift-Stella-Vanessa triangle. My friend particularly agrees with the insistence on Swift's sexual normality. There is a current tendency to belittle Swift's denunciations of the human race as the warped rationalizations of a neurotic or psychotic. If Johnston's theory could be proved correct, we might have to accept Swift as, in Johnston's words, "a perfectly normal man, of colossal proportions, motivated by two of the most universal, the most lovable, and the most dangerous of all human emotions — "Pride and Pity." This would inevitably change our attitude to the works as well as to the man. We might even have to begin taking Swift seriously.

When We Were Young and Poor

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR. By Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell. Doubleday & Co. 436 pp. $4.95.

Benjamin DeMott

T. S. ELIOT says that a man capable of experience finds himself living in a different age every decade of his life; the use of Norman Rockwell's "as told to" autobiography is, oddly, that it contributes to the definition of the different age now at hand. This is not to claim that *My Adventures as an Illustrator* is an entrancing item: it has moments of power, but they tend to sink into the text like splinters of glass in a sea of mayonnaise. Neither is it to claim that Rockwell's character as constructed in the book is an attractive sight: beamishness, timidity and Gee-Gosh-Shucksism ("The public liked me!") are even less winning in print than in paint. It is only to assert that, such is our chaos, true news of the times can turn up almost anywhere, and that when a *kitsch* book raises a key question or clarifies a situation hitherto obscure, it had best not be regarded as a joke.

The question that Rockwell's book indirectly raises is: in the America of the sixties what will be the most popular substitute for thought? The answer that it indirectly supplies is: nostalgia for the leanness of yesteryear. Everyone appears to agree that America is entering upon its bloated age, and people are already casting about for ways of making this event real to themselves. The ordinary man usually has some scrap of symbolic evidence, some detail or other about prices or wages—as for example that certain snow-plow drivers in western Massachusetts earn $10,000 a year—which he cites as proof of Where We Are Heading. And a superb "younger" poet, Robert Lowell, has already undertaken to express the present as a time when

> . . . even the man
> scavenging filth in back alley trash cans
> has two children, a beach wagon, a helpmate
> and is a "young Republican."

Still, knowing the social facts is not the same thing as knowing the answer to the question specified. Had a man been certain at the start of the thirties, or forties, or fifties what the prevailing substitutes for thought in those decades would be (they were: defeatism, then heroism, then McCarthyism), he might not have managed to avoid becoming a victim of his times, but he would have been able to stop talking like a fool. And, though unheroic, this achievement is no proper object for scorn.

THE social facts offered up in *My Adventures as an Illustrator*, as it unwittingly plots the future of American mindlessness, are drawn for the most part from an extremely solitary and unexciting life—boyhood in the Yonkers and Mamaroneck and upper New York of sixty years ago, classes at the Art Students League, early luck with George Lorimer and the *Post*, a few weird trips to Europe, a meaningless marriage, a divorce, a good marriage, a steady increase in income, a stag dinner with Ike, a studio in Stockbridge. . . . And whenever these facts have direct bearing on Rockwell's Career or Hopes, they are set down in the familiar idiom of *The Reader's Digest*:

> I no longer believe that I'll bring back the golden age of illustration.
> I realized a long time ago that I'll never be as good as Rembrandt.
> BUT
> I think my work is improving. I start each picture with the same high hopes, and. . . I still try my darnedest.

But when Rockwell turns away from a consideration of his own Progress or Doggedness, his voice changes in the direction of seriousness, and even gains a measure of strength:

> The . . . memory is of a vacant lot in the cold yellow light of late afternoon, the wind rustling in the dry grass and a scrap of newspaper rolling slowly across the patches of dirty snow. And a drunken woman in filthy gray rags following a man and beating him over the head with an umbrella. The man stumbling through the coarse littered grass, his arms raised to cover his head, and the woman cursing and screaming, beating him incessantly until he fell, then standing over him, kicking and striking him again and again about the head and belly and legs. And I remember that we kids watched, silent, from the edges of the lot, until a policeman ran up and grabbed the woman. Then the man got slowly up and, seeing the policeman struggling with the woman, attacked him, swaying drunkenly and swearing.

And it is by attending to this voice—the

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voice of the witness rather than the actor —that the reader arrives at an understanding of the meaning of the sentiment which in Rockwell's mind currently passes for thought.

Defining this sentiment on the basis of the memory just quoted is not easy: the image of violence is hardly less plain than the sense of bareness, and repugnance for both rather confuses the issue. Elsewhere in the book, though, bareness and leanness are felt in positive terms, and are set up more or less as ideals. Again and again Rockwell introduces subjects for the (undeclared) purpose of showing his reader what money Used To Mean. He describes, for example, the procedure he followed for quieting restless child models in the old days when his studio was in New Rochelle. He would place a stack of shiny new nickels on the table beside his easel and then: "Every twenty-five minutes, when it came time for the model to rest, I'd transfer five of the nickels to the other side of the table saying, 'Now that's your pile.' The kids liked that." Is there a child in New Rochelle today who (for five nickels and at the bidding of a commercial artist) would shut his mouth and stand still for a half hour, or who prefers coins to bills, or who doesn't know about checks? To be sure, it is the reader who asks these questions, not Rockwell: the latter "draws no conclusions."

He tells at length of his stay in a city boarding house, and evokes a tough world of kitchen slavies and young married couples of defeated hope, without ever remarking that Young Marrieds of today, Influentials all, have not seen even the *outside* of a boarding house. And when, in a few warmly affectionate pages, he describes the trolley excursions of his youth ("From the Battery to the far Bronx and back, an evening's pleasure, for only ten cents. I remember that everyone I knew—grownups, kids, maiden aunts—had a trolley pillow which had been made by the ladies of the family especially for these Sunday and evening excursions"), he does not point a moral at the end about the sparse integrity of the people's former entertainments, as Richard Hoggart would do: he simply returns to his Career.

But the moral, to call it that, is there, and as the book proceeds (the passages mentioned occur early), Rockwell's fascination with poverty and hard times (he seems to have experienced little of either) comes ever more clearly into sight. In pages that blend Tennessee Williams with Wright Morris, he tells of a wretched pensioner named James K. Van Brunt who lived in a dingy room filled with a collection of mementos from a life pitiably bare: popcorn from a bag he had bought his wife "at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893," "a cigar smoked and dropped by General Ulysses S. Grant . . . during a dinner given in his honor at the 7th Regiment Armory in New York City," "a piece of rafter burned in the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago on the thirtieth of December, 1903, in which fierce conflagration six hundred and two persons lost their lives," steel shavings from a visit in 1909 to the Bethlehem Pittsburgh plant, a seashell commemorating a weekend he spent with his wife in Atlantic City in 1914.

In one passage there is even an attempt to evoke that forgotten sensation, hunger:

> Joshua Biengraber asked me one day, "Were you ever actually hungry?" "Sure," I said. "No," he said, looking closely at me, "I don't believe it. You haven't got it in your face. You don't know what it is. . . . I can remember sitting on a bench in Central Park just after I came to this country. I didn't know a soul; my pockets were empty. And I just sat there. For days it seemed like. I was so tired and hungry that I didn't even have the courage to get up. You don't know what it's like. You feel all hazy inside. And weak, like when you've been sitting in a hot bath for an hour."

It is possible to regard a preoccupation of this kind as mere embroidery on the familiar American fable of Guilty Success. And certainly a part of its interest derives from the suggestion implicit in it of a new way of viewing the endless, garishly sentimental series of tough guys gazing in pious wonder at little old praying ladies with which Rockwell dressed the *Post*—namely, as a kind of perpetual vision of shabbiness. The man insists that he likes to paint people who were "wrinkled and corroded . . . by the grubby life they led," and that painting "sleek" and "conventional" Americans gives him no more pleasure than "painting a slab of warm butter." And clearly the objects of his eye have been, almost from the beginning, worn hands, back alleys, station restaurants, mangy cats, Dads in undershirts and suspenders, kids who never saw Ivy chinos with paisley linings.

BUT seeing the subject in terms of Rockwell's individual career effects a reduction of its significance which though comfortable is wrongheaded. The author of *My Adventures as an Illustrator* has had, after all, a huge success as a producer of absolutely mindless versions of the country; there exists a real possibility that he should be regarded as a prophet of mindlessness, a man who knows as a matter of instinct where and how the national brain will next shut off.

This possibility gains weight when it is regarded in the light of the similarity between the direction of his sentimental rumination and the direction of homely barber shop gossip. And, it becomes a positive likelihood when you consider, apropos of the nostalgia that presently unites intellectuals and shop men, how much easier it is to yearn for the time when *we* were young and poor than for Mont St. Michel. The optimist assumes that all thinking folk understand the relation between fat and fatuity; he is sure that people know that abundance is meaningless unless met with a taut will and intellect, a genuine eagerness to invent responsibilities and obligations; he believes that poets and barbers alike will eventually go forth to meet plenty with something in mind other than a longing for hard bellies. But faith of this kind cannot be validated at the moment. What is required for this purpose is evidence that people are in process of learning the lesson that a yearning for leanness amounts only to a substitute for thought, a device to quiet guilt. Norman Rockwell's "adventures" demonstrate (all unintentionally) the importance of this lesson by drawing an image of the flaccidity of mind, the moral limpness and silliness, to which a failure to learn it can lead. And for that reason, and no other, it is just to call the book that describes them a valuable gift to the age.

Perpetuum Mobile

(from the Swedish of Gunnar Ekelöf)

The good old usual baldheadedness
The good old usual baldheadedness
The good old usual baldheadedness
The good old disgraceful usualness

The good old usual disgracefulness
The good old disgraceful kindliness
The good old kindly ramblingness
The good old drivelling secretness

The good old secret hurtfulness
The good old blessed drivellingness
The good old hurtful scurviness
The good old scurvy blessedness

Middleclassedness the old delicious
Disgracefulness the old scandalous
Baldheadedness the old friendly
Baldheadedness the old usual etc.

ROBERT BLY and
CHRISTINA BRATT DUFFY

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The Near-Sighted Maverick

RING THE NIGHT BELL. The Autobiography of a Surgeon. By Paul B. Magnuson. Little, Brown & Co. 376 pp. $5.

George A. Silver

THE TONE of this review can only reflect puzzled respect. The book is hardly great literature. There is the usual nostalgic story of a Midwestern boy growing up at the turn of the century, the usual experiences with snow and horses and conflict with the turmoil of the modern world. The flavor of the writing is four-square Middle Western, rather direct and dull. The book is a series of victories for a country boy who put one over on a hostile world. Cross-grained and irascible, he is a nineteenth-century hero whose greatest reward was to practice medicine. And he did love medicine! He loved pus from the time he was seven years old and he loved fixing bones and the smell of disinfectant and most of all he loved the idea that other people needed him.

Yet in telling of this boy's life in furiously changing times, in telling what it meant to become a doctor in the first half of this century, Dr. Magnuson is just fairly readable. Why? Well, mostly because he is telling a private tale. He was a participant in great social events but he lacks social insight. The whole shoddy story of Workmen's Compensation, for example, the collusion and deceit, the dreadful manifestations of employer ruthlessness in the stockyards and on the railroads, the picture of maimed, mangled and murdered men who went through his hands, victims of the conscienceless lack of safety precautions, all these things just barely appear. *The Jungle* might never have been written. As Magnuson writes, one meets the president of the railroad company who was his friend, the director of medical services in the packing company who employed him, and so on. The workers themselves appear only incidentally — as grateful and appreciative patients whom he patched together. The enemy is not a corrupt industrial structure:

> Industrial work is a very tricky thing for a doctor, not just because of the medical side of it, but because there is an awful lot of money at stake, and where there is money, you will find lawyers. Where there are lawyers, you will always find some who are less than scrupulous, and who try to take advantage of the poor innocent doctor.

This pretty much sets the tone. Also, he talks a lot like a poor country boy but he points out that when he went to Washington for the Veterans Administration, his first year's salary was one-fifth of the income tax he had paid the previous year!

DR. MAGNUSON played two large roles in American medical history. The first was as the Assistant Medical Director of the Veterans Administration after the Second World War, in which post he helped to set up the high standards of medical care of the "new" Veterans Hospitals as opposed to the former hospitals which had been shoddy tombs of corruption and graft, monuments for the American Legion. He was the designer of the "Deans' Committees" whereby the medical schools set standards and policies for the Veterans Administration Hospitals. Dr. Magnuson (along with General Paul Hawley and General Omar Bradley) played a large part in assuring that the veterans of World War II got the first-class medical care to which they were entitled. He does make this point, but most of the time he is off on a white charger fighting bureaucracy. He is against big government. You might think that government represented some abstract beast with which he had no connection or concern, instead of the organized social effort that created (to name just the one immediate thing) the Veterans Administration.

Then, Magnuson — as a maverick and against the will and wish of the American Medical Association — took over at Harry Truman's request the direction of the President's Commission of the Health Needs of the Nation and arranged for the various hearings, studies and investigations. The eventual publication of this series of reports is an important contribution to medical care for the American people, principally because it points in a clear direction to the solution of those needs. Yet Magnuson sees this as a sort of a lark in which he rather patronizingly allowed the United States to get a glimpse of some of these things. He never sees the *social* significance of this event. I wish he had had more perspective on his time and his role.

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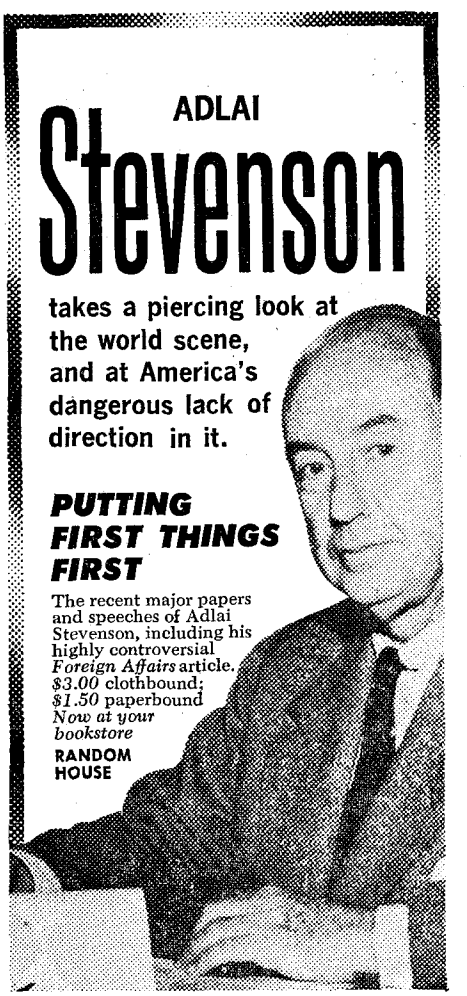
ART

Fairfield Porter

WHAT WAS revolutionary about Impressionism was that color, which distinguishes painting from the other visual arts, was for the first time considered primary in the painter's concern with the subjectivity of vision. Subjectivity, being personal, is not conceptual, and neither is it abstract. The Impressionist was not interested in what was out there, but in how, whatever it was, it looked to the one who was looking. The Impressionists used color instead of the contour to express materiality, and since they were realists in the sense of not being romantic, color had to have substance. And color, which may give the spectator a great deal of pleasure, comes from the artist's intellect; drawing, which is accessible to the spectator's intellect, comes from the artist's emotions.

The Armory show of 1913 was a Post-Impressionist exhibition, and it had a disastrous effect on American painting: for example, the damage it did to the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style of Bellows, Sloan and Eilshemius. In 1913, the difficulty for American painters was that society was anti-art; it gave the artist the choice of making silly and acceptable fantasies, or of expressing society's anti-artistic beliefs. Since Post-Impressionism emphasizes concept, it can suggest that art is valid because it "means" something. The Armory show pointed out to American painters an anti-artistic direction, like that of German Expressionism. A vulgar idea of art teachers that comes out of the Armory show is that "modern" is equivalent to distortion; that art is valid if it teaches, satirizes, or propagandizes. But the Impressionist revolution, which implied that the value of art is intrinsic, was much more of a revolution than any that succeeded it.

AMERICAN painting of the present fashion has been called "abstract-expressionist." This means that the texture of Expressionist painting, whose form came from social comment, was divorced from that use in being made non-objective. However, since non-objectivity suggests anarchy, it makes a social comment after all. American non-objective painting followed American socially conscious painting; by the time it was accepted, a social tie-in was no longer required by the audience, and American painters were well on the way to painting for a public that accepted art as intrinsically valuable. If art is valuable for itself, then again one can appreciate the radical originality of Monet, whose work is being shown in a large exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. This exhibition coincides with several good shows of New York painters who connect more closely with Monet than with Picasso. It is not so much a connection with the Impressionist theory of the primacy of light as with the Impressionist practice of making a distinction between color and graphic description. Not contour, but color gives substance. In this connection, Thomas Hess once wrote an article on painters as writers and writers as artists. Writers draw well, but that is usually all; on the other hand, painters do not have a feeling for words as entities with their own life, but go in for ideas. Take for example the artists' magazine *It is*, weighted with an overlapping sequence of one leaden sentence on top of another; or Mallarmé's remark when Degas showed him some sonnets he had written, "But Degas, a sonnet is made of words."

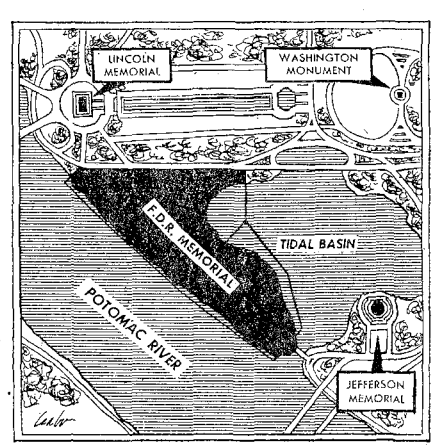
The paintings of Herman Rose at the A.C.A. Gallery connect not only with Monet's primacy of color, but with Impressionist light as well. There is a cityscape of the upper East Side, that is full of such light as Monet or any other Impressionist would have been proud to have achieved. A non-objective painter who starts from color is Esteban Vicente at the Emmerich Gallery. That he constructs out of color does not mean that the color is in "good taste," nor that it is bright. At times it is certainly both of these things, but much more important is the fact that whatever the color, color relationships give the canvases their life. Neither line nor edge creates the form of the color, but what it is inside itself. The Howard Wise Gallery (a new gallery subtly designed by Wilder Green) exhibits 10 by 16 foot canvases by Milton Resnick that have the superficial look of Monet's water lily murals. Resnick's color is linear, defining no clear areas smaller than the whole. At the Peridot Gallery still lifes and landscapes by Leon Hartl are made of shimmering pinks and grays with the generalized light of a fourteenth-century Florentine. At the Janis Gallery, Franz Kline's paintings are for the first time made of color. His forte has always been light, but previously any of his colors could have been exchanged for any other. These paintings, parallel to De Kooning, have a speed and largeness that is inimitable. What holds them in place is not so much the up-and-downness of gravity as that they look like part of the wall. At the Stable Gallery, Alex Katz's flat, representational paintings combine a tightness of adjustment of areas with an accuracy of color, less found in nature than created for nature. Though Hartl and he are realists, they are both abstractionists in color. Rose's color is his personal convention, a habit of the palette; Resnick's color is the color that the Impressionists used for nature; Vicente and Katz use colors like weights in a scale.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THE LONG-DISCUSSED memorial to Franklin Delano Roosevelt to be built near the Washington and Jefferson monuments in Washington, D.C., is all at once being pushed with odd, unseemly speed—especially since we are now under a Republican administration which, if not about to decamp from Washington, at least intends to change the guard this fall. On March 20, came the announcement of a formal architectural competition. Programs for this competition will go out in April; the list of architects and offices wishing to compete will be closed May 16; four months later all entries must have been submitted; from these, six will be selected for the final round which will last three months. Very fast, for monumentality. All in all, the architectural evocation of a wide, intricate political personality is being given less time than the arranging of the Johansson-Patterson return heavyweight bout, which should be a less contemplative affair, although you never can tell.

Most of the basic conditions for this competition are very good. The site is not only spacious and prominent, but symbolically well located. Lying between the Potomac and its tidal basin, the ten-acre parcel is bounded mostly by water, and that seems appropriate for the last of our seagoing Presidents. The committee advising the memorial commission is headed by Chairman Pietro Belluschi of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and includes Samuel Glaser, R. Sturgis Ingersoll, Lewis Mumford, G. Holmes Perkins, Hideo Sasaki and Jay S. Unger — men who obviously had the visual uses of water in mind in selecting this land: a tall tower, a wall, or a walkway cantilevered



out over the shoreline would be mirrored in the quiet river. The first of these seems unlikely, because a tower might compete with the Washington needle up the way; besides, the committee has already implied that it wants something less classically formal, more creative. It could be gardens, plazas, sculptures, fountains, pools, or combina-

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tions of these. The solution wisely has been left wide open. This means, however, that the competing architects must gather and co-ordinate teams of artists, landscape designers and sculptors into their efforts, which again tightens the timetable. In this day of intense demand on architectural offices by their bread-and-butter commercial clients, it will be difficult for some gifted architects to cut loose from their obligations so rapidly. I can see a lot of summer vacations going up in smoke, perhaps taking a marriage or two with them.

THE guiding committee has picked out three characteristic qualities of F.D.R. for recording in bronze: "his warm feeling for people, above abstract causes or principles," "The good neighbor policy . . . of give and take, on the basis of need and sympathy" and his "Vital sense of the unity of all mankind." These might seem to call for a nobly proportioned picnic area, with everyone sharing the salt.

What might also have been stressed are the man's courage, impulsiveness, determination and confident gaiety. When I first heard of the coming competition some months ago, an undignified and inartistic image popped immediately into my mind: the car is a jaunty old Ford or Plymouth four-door convertible, circa 1935 model, especially equipped for a handicapped driver. The canvas top has been folded down, although the day is gray and misting slightly. In the front sits F.D.R. with the brim of his fedora turned upward, his heavy jaw clenching that cigarette holder, also tilted upward in the way that so maddened my elderly Republican friends. He is smiling broadly. He is at the wheel.

I don't mean to suggest a new kind of equestrian statue. I mention this image only to indicate how difficult it will be to design a suitable monument to this gigantic, real man, still so close to us. His memorial must include a wide range of feelings, from dignity to delight, pathos to arrogance.

Realism is a lot to ask in a monument, just as monumentality is a lot to ask of modern American architects. The tone of most monuments is a temple-like nostalgia, and perhaps it is all that can be expected. But our official tributes to past greatness betray too often a sentimental and stylish meagerness of spirit. The Europeans, I think, show themselves better able to express a tragic sense in their ceremonial architecture. And they too are aware of the significance of Roosevelt. That brings me to the aspect of this competition that is disconcerting.

The earlier printed report submitted by the memorial commission to Congress said that its advisory committee had "unanimously decided that the best way of providing a suitable memorial is to hold an international competition." Yet the competition as finally announced is open only to residents of the United States—no Le Corbusier, no Nervi, no Aalto, no Candela, or their young. What kind of thing is this? Would it be too embarrassing if a Chinese, or German, or Cuban submitted the winning design? Away back in 1922, when one of F.D.R.'s least liked countrymen, the late Colonel Robert McCormick of Chicago, sponsored a competition for the Tribune Tower, now standing on Michigan Avenue as his own memorial, even he, the bitter isolationist, was broadminded enough to make the architectural competition world-wide.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE MOST invigorating concert I have heard this season came recently when Fritz Reiner, in his second week as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, and pianist Rudolf Serkin, played the Bartok *Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra*. The Philharmonic had never before played this work. Indeed, it seems that the Concerto has had only one or two performances in the United States since 1928, when Reiner introduced it in New York with the Cincinnati Symphony and the composer, himself, as soloist. Willem Mengelberg, who had planned a month earlier to present Bartok in his American debut as composer-pianist, with the Concerto as a vehicle, had decided that the Philharmonic could not prepare the work in time. He substituted a solo piece, the *Rhapsody, Opus 1*, written when Bartok was twenty-three. The composer was understandably disappointed.

It is not hard to imagine that the technical and interpretive problems in this music would have been intimidating in 1928, although Reiner, even then, seems to have been enough of a virtuoso

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to meet them head on. The music must have seemed much stranger then, and performing techniques among the rank-and-file musicians were not what they are today. I am surprised, however, that even during the period of intense interest in Bartok's music, which came immediately after his death, and subsided only a bit when the music became repertory material instead of a *cause célèbre*, the *Piano Concerto No. 1* was still permitted to languish. For it is clearly a masterpiece.

BARTOK'S best music, it seems to me, manages to resolve two musical attitudes which are usually considered contradictory: that of the colorist, who creates vague, blurred effects, using color for its own sake; and of the strict logician, who tends always toward fine-line work. His thematic material is etched in lines as clear and delicate as those in a Leonardo drawing. The colors, however, are created by means that are almost opposed. When he is in a purely coloristic mood, they seem to have been put on with a delicate thumb, and certain passages in this Concerto wherein piano sonorities are intermingled with those of the orchestral percussion section, just for color and mood, fall into this category. At other times, one hears passages which, superficially, bear signs of this blurred, colorist approach. When they are examined, however, one finds that they are actually the product of an interlocking of fine, logically formulated lines so complex that they seem to dissolve into color. It is probably Bartok's ability thus to operate over a broad technical range, with pure colorism at one extreme; pure linear writing minus color connotations at the other; and a middle ground consisting of linear techniques which incline toward either pole, as the composer wishes — it is probably this exact ability which provides his music with its stylistic cohesiveness.

SERKIN and Reiner, in their performance of the Concerto, chose to give it full measure of warmth and roundness. With this piece, as with many by Bartok, the performers must choose between a strident, hammering, irascible approach (which is stylistically correct), and a softer, more luxuriant and sensuous posture, which is equally valid. These, I suspect, were contradictory qualities in Bartok's personal nature, and they are present in the music as well. Because I prefer the more opulent manner, I am glad when musicians of the caliber and generation of Serkin or the Budapest String Quartet take Bartok's music in hand. Invariably, they stress its bulk and mature sensuousness, and the music assumes deeper meanings. Sharp, nervous performances, which the younger musicians tend to provide, can be exciting but they do not give as complete a picture.

It is for that reason that I preferred the Serkin-Reiner performance, with its slower tempi and mysterious moods, to the one just recorded by the composer's son, Peter Bartok, with Leonid Hambro as soloist and Robert Mann, first violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet, conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta. These latter musicians place the accent on the work's driving energy, and upon total clarity. It is a beautifully engineered recording, and so is the performance splendid in every respect. Despite a preference for the Serkin-Reiner approach, I am delighted to own this disk, especially since it is the only record ever made of the *Piano Concerto No. 1*. (It can be had, with the solo *Rhapsody, Opus 1* on the second side, by mail order from Bartok Records, 111 West 57 Street, New York 19, N.Y. Bartok Records No. 3131.)

ON HIS program with the Philharmonic, Reiner also included Stravinsky's *Divertimento: Suite from the Ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée,"* and the Ravel orchestration of Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*. I have never been particularly fond of *The Fairy's Kiss*, despite the fact that its craftsmanship is so elegant and that there are some portions which I find almost hilariously amusing. Most of the music strikes me as pale and vaguely effete. There is also an over-strong air of eclecticism, which could probably not have been avoided in making an *homage* to another composer, in this case Tchaikovsky. Reiner gave the *Suite* a miraculously apt performance, stressing its high style and musical joking without at any point losing subtlety or point. His reading of the *Pictures from an Exhibition* was fascinating from beginning to end. When he finally let out the whole orchestra in the last section, *The Great Gate of Kiev*, my strong impulse was to stand up and yell "Hurray!" Less sedate spirits in the balcony did.

Where the Man Most Was

Where the man most was
water crackled
fire hardened
earth rushed
air drowned all

ALEXANDER LAING

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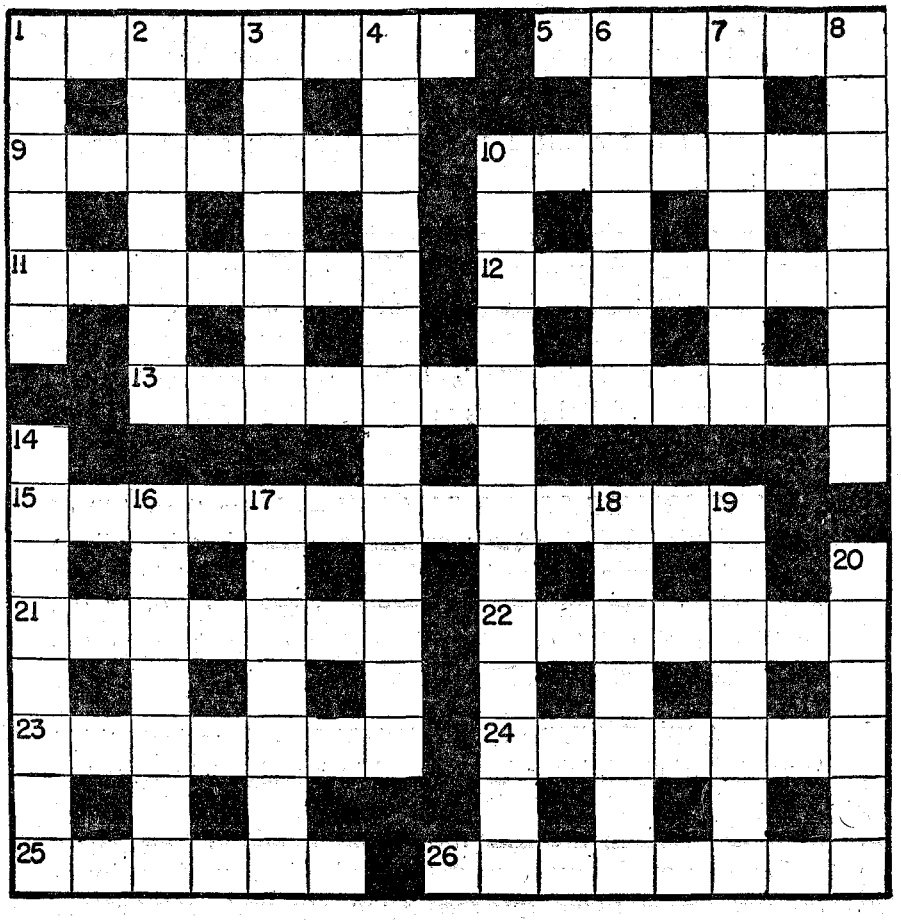
Crossword Puzzle No. 861

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A pest, if penned up and put in the proper level of society. (8)
5 A copy of the Dauphine with a good finish at the factory, perhaps. (6)
9 Wool around the neck, or metal under the body? (7)
10 Not so dense as to make the color go further! (7)
11 Plush isn't the word for it! (7)
12 Might be less than a year unless pressed, being out on a limb. (7)
13 The base of the pole? (6, 7)
15 In the main, all is nasty, but might only appear so. (13)
21 Suggests a rather primitive place for the tribe. (7)
22 Did her hat have a point to it? (7)
23 Smoothing things over on board. (7)
24 If unhappy with the results of a lead from your hand, these might help! (7)
25 Greybeards might be rather loony, with a few feet cut off. (6)
26 It's the tongue in snakes that causes slanders. (8)

DOWN:

1 Put a little time in the full extent of craft. (6)
2 Saying "No" almost causes a fuss in other than false circumstances. (7)
3 The sort of story that wins the Munchausen medal? (7)
4 Rushed the platform between flights? (6, 7)
6 Put a cap on the drink — it might help you get the proper angle. (7)
7 You might consider this place as being different. (7)
8 Another name for one who leads from a six to just under the ace? (8)
10 It doesn't have that traditionally golden quality. (13)
14 Trying to be like something pithy, perhaps. (8)
16 To be proper for the answer? (7)
17 It implies sharing a rather heavy point! (7)
18 Carry a challenge with you in traveling? (7)
19 Countrymen of any sort to hunt up. (7)
20 On the other side of matched lines, by the sound of it. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 860

ACROSS: 1 Autobiographer; 8 Overspending; 10 Necropolis; 11 Laic; 13 Abatis; 14 Christie; 16 Deigning; 17 Midrib; 19 Boar; 20 Histrionic; 22 Credit charge; 23 Down in the dumps. DOWN: 1 Around and about; 2 Theocratical; 3 Bostonians; 4 Oberon; 5 Red light; 6 Pans; 7 Knickerbockers; 9 Battering ram; 12 Diminished; 15 Unbidden; 18 Stitch; 21 Iron.

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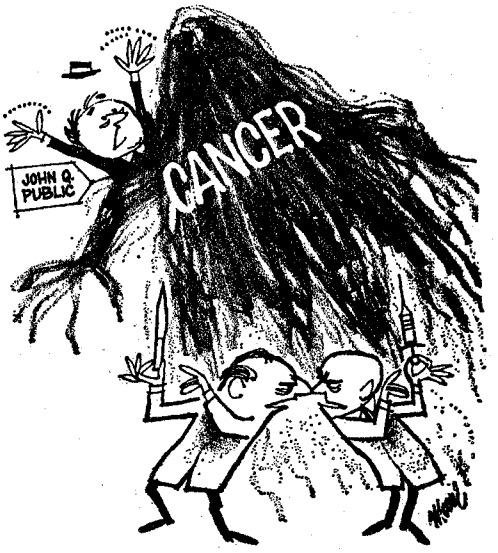

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